









# THE SNAKE'S PASS.

By BRAM STOKER, M.A.

## CHAPTER VI.

ON KNOCKNACAR.

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," the door opened slowly, and through a narrow opening Andy's head was visible. "Come in," he said. "Come here and try if you can manage a bit of punch."

"Begor!" was Andy's sole expression of acquiescence. The punch was brewed and handed to him.

"Is that as good as Widow Kelligan's?" I asked him. Andy grinned.

"All punch is good, yer an' me. Here's a bowl yer would like, an' here's 'The Girl in the Mountains' to read."

"The Girl in the Mountains?" I asked him. "No," he said, "that's the 'Girl in the Mountains'."

"What kind of book is it, Andy?" I asked him. "Is there anything peculiar about it? Does it shift?"

Andy grinned a most unaccountable grin. "Begor, it does, sure!" he answered.

"Sure all books does shift!" I said. "Andy said Dick, laughing, 'You have some joke in your mind. What is it?'"

"Oh, sorry, waa, waa—ask the master there."

As it did not need a surgical operation to get the joke intended into the head of a man of whatever nationality, I understood Andy's allusion, and as I did not want to explain it, I replied:

"Oh, don't ask me, Andy; I'm no authority on the subject," and I looked rather angrily at him, when Dick was not looking.

Andy hastened to put matters right—he evidently did not want to lose his place on the morrow.

"Yer an' me," he said, "we would for it—there's a boy by name of Knocknecar which'll interest yer intirely."

I remember it myself a lot higher up the mountain when I was a spalpeen—an it's been crawlin' down ever since. It's a mighty queer spot intirely!"

This settled the matter, and we agreed forthwith to start early on the following morning for Knocknecar. Andy, before he left, having a nightcap—out of a tumbler.

We were sitting fairly early in the morning, and having finished a breakfast sufficiently substantial to tide us over till dinner time, we started on our journey. The mare was in good condition, the road was level, and the prospect fine, and altogether we enjoyed our drive immensely.

As we looked back we could see Knocknecar rising on the edge of the coast away to our right, and seemingly surrounded by a network of foam-girl islands, for a breeze was blowing fresh from the south-west.

At the foot of the mountain—or rather, hill—there was a small, clean-looking shebeen. Here Andy stopped and put up the mare; and then he brought us up a narrow lane bounded by thick hedges of wild briar to where we could see the bog which was the object of our visit. Dick's foot was still painful, so I went to him as arm, as on yesterday. We crossed over two fields from which the stones had been collected and placed in heaps. The land was evidently very rocky, for here and there—more especially in the lower part—the grey rock cropped up in places. At the top of the farthest field Andy pointed out an isolated rock rising sharply from the grass.

"Look there, waa, waa," he said, "that's the bog which is as far from the bog as we are now from the bog—an' look at it now! why, the bog is close to it, so it is." He then turned and looked at a small heap of stones.

"Murder! but there is a queer thing. Why that heap, not a yard ago, was as high as the top of that rock. Begor, it's been buried, it is!"

Dick looked quite excited as he turned to me and said:

"Why, Art, old fellow, here is the very thing we were talking about. This bog is an instance of the gradual changing of the locality of a bog by the filtration of its water through the clay beds resting on the bed-rock. I wonder how the bog here will get rid of some investigations! Andy, who owns this land?"

"Oh, I can tell yer an' me that well enough," said the Master Moriarty from Knocknecar. "Him, surr," turning to me, "that yer seen at Widow Kelligan's that night in the storm."

"No, surr—me father rinte it. The could mare was ris on this very spot."

"Do you think your father will let me make some investigations here, if I get Mr. Moriarty's permission also?" I asked him.

"Theore, an' he will, surr—wid all the pleasure in life—wid course, he added, with native shrewdness, "if there's no harm done to his land—or if there's no harm done, it's ped for."

"All right, Andy," said I. "I'll be answerable for that part of it."

We went straight away with Andy to see the elder Sulivan. We found him in his cabin at the foot of the hill—a hale old man of nearly eighty, with all his senses untouched, and he was all that could be agreeable. I told him who I was, and that I could afford to reimburse him if any damage should be done. Dick explained to him that we were from doing harm, what he would do would probably prevent the spreading of the bog, and would in such case much enhance the value of his holding, and in addition give him the use of a spring on his land. Accordingly we went back to make further investigations. Dick had out his note-book in an instant, and took accurate notes of everything; he measured and probed

the earth, tapped the rocks with the little geological hammer which he always carried, and finally set himself down to make an accurate map of the locality, taking as his assistants the measurements. Andy left us for while, but presently appeared, hot and flushed. As he approached, Dick observed:

"Andy has been drinking the health of all his relatives. We must keep him employed here, or we may get a spill going home."

The object of his solicitude came and sat on a rock beside us, and looked on. Presently he came over, and said to Dick:

"Yer an', can I help ye in yer wurk? Sure, if ye only want me to help ye, mayhap mine id do. An' this an' an' he might hop up to the top iv the mountain; there's a mighty purty view there intirely, an' he could enjoy it, though ye can't get up wid yer lame foot."

"Good ideas!" said Dick. "You go up on top, Art. This is very dull work, and Andy can hold the tape for me as well as you or any one else. You can tell me all about it when you come down."

"I've heard," said he, "that yer an' me is in the mountains to Shilleenagh, and I thought that ye couldn't do better nor drive over to Knocknecar to-morr'n an' spend the day there."

"And why Knocknecar?" said I. Andy twirled his cap between his hands in a sheepish way. I felt that he was acting a part, but could not see any, was of ready. With a little hesitation he said:

"I've gotter from what yer an' me wor sayin' on the car this mornin' that yer's both intirely in bog—an' there's the beautiful bit iv bog in all the country there beyond. An', moreover, it's a lovely spot intirely. If you gentlemen have nothin' better to do, ye'd drive over there—if ye'd take me advice."

"What kind of bog is it, Andy?" said Dick. "Is there anything peculiar about it? Does it shift?"

Andy grinned a most unaccountable grin. "Begor, it does, sure!" he answered.

"Sure all books does shift!" I said. "Andy said Dick, laughing, 'You have some joke in your mind. What is it?'"

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slender, gracefully set in her rounded shoulders, and supporting a beautiful head with the free grace of the lily on its stem. There was nothing more capable of complete beauty than the head, and, crowned as this head was with a rich mass of hair as black and as glossy as the raven's wing, it was a thing to remember. She wore no bonnet, but a grey homespun shawl was thrown loosely over her shoulders; her hair was coiled in one long mass at the top of her head, and fastened with an old-fashioned tortoiseshell comb. Her face was a delicate oval, showing what Rossetti calls "the pure white curve from ear to chin." Luxuriant black eyebrows were arched over large black eyes swept by curling lashes of extraordinary length, and showed off the beauty of a rounded, ample forehead—somewhat sunburnt, be it said. The nose was straight and wide between the eyes, with delicate sensitive nostrils; the chin wide and firm, and the mouth full and not small, with lips of scarlet, forming a perfect cupid's bow, and just sufficiently open to show two rows of small teeth, regular and white as pearls. Her dress was that of a well-to-do peasant—a sort of body or jacket of printed shirtings over a dress or petticoat of homespun of the shade of crimson given by a madder dye. The dress was short, and showed trim ankles in grey homespun with pretty fawnish tint country-made shoes. Her hands were shapely, with long fingers, and were very sunburnt and manifestly used to work.

As she stood there, with the western breeze playing with her dress and tossing about the stray ends of her raven tresses, I thought that I had never in my life seen anything so lovely. And she was only a peasant girl, and, manifestly and unmistakably, and had no pretence of being anything else.

She was evidently as shy as I was, and for a little while we were both silent. As is usual, the woman was the first to recover her self-possession, and whilst I was torturing my brain in vain for proper words to commence a conversation, she said to me:

"What a lovely view there is from here. I suppose, sir, you have never been on the top of this hill before?"

"Never," said I, feeling that I was equivocating, if not lying. "I had no idea that there was anything so lovely here." I meant this to have a double meaning, although I was afraid to make it apparent to her. "Do you often come up here?" I continued.

"Not very often. It is quite a long time since I was here, but the view seems fairer and clearer to me every time I come." As she spoke the words, my memory leaped back to that eloquent gesture as she raised her arms.

I thought I might as well improve the occasion and lay the foundation for another meeting without giving offence or fright, so I said:

"This hill is quite a discovery; and as I am likely to be here in this neighbourhood for some time, I dare say I shall often find myself enjoying this lovely view."

She made no reply or comment whatever to this statement. I looked over the scene, and it was certainly a fit setting for so lovely a figure; but it was the general beauty of the scene, and not, as had hitherto been the case, one part of it only that struck my fancy. Away on the edge of the coast, some low Knocknecar; but it somehow looked lower than before and less important. The comparative insignificance was, of course, due to the fact that I was regarding it from a superior altitude, but it seemed to me that it was because it did not seem to interest me so much. The view through the darkness seemed very far away now—here was a voice as sweet, and in such a habitation! The invisible charm with which Shilleenagh had latterly seemed to hold me—or the spell which it had laid upon me—seemed to pass away, and I found myself smiling at the thought that I had been so much interested in such an absurd idea.

Youth is not naturally stand off, and before many minutes the two visitors to the hill top had laid aside reserve and were chatting freely. I had many questions to ask of local matters, for I wanted to find out what I could of my fair companion without seeming to be too inquisitive; but she seemed to light up at all such topics, and when we parted my ignorance of her name and surroundings remained as profound as it had been at first. She, however, wanted to know all about London. She knew it only by hearsay; for some of the questions which she asked me were amazingly simple—manifestly she had something of the true peasant belief that London is the only home of luxury, power and learning.

She was so frank, however, and made her queries with such a gentle modesty, that something within my heart seemed to grow, and grow; and the conviction was borne upon me that I stood before my fate. Sir Gerald's ejaculation rose to my lips:

"By God's rod, is the one maid for me! One thing gave me much delight. The maid seemed to have passed to quite away for the time, at all events. Her eyes, which had at the first been glassy with recent tears, were now lit with keenest interest, and she seemed to have entirely forgotten the cause of her sorrow."

"Good!" thought I to myself complacently. "At least I have helped to lighten her life, though it is but for one hour."

Even whilst I was thinking she rose up suddenly—we had been sitting on a boulder—"Goodness! how the time passes!" she said. "I must run home at once."

"Let me see you home," I said eagerly. Her great eyes opened, and she said with a grave simplicity that took me "was down" to me American slang.

"Why?" I asked her.

"I'm to see that you get home safely," I answered. She laughed merrily.

"No fear for me. I'm safer on the mountain than anywhere in the world—almost," she said, and the grave, and look stole again over her face.

"Well, but I would like to," I urged. Again she answered with grave, sweet seriousness:

"Oh, no, sir; that would not do. What would folk say to see me walking with a gentleman like you?"

The answer was conclusive. I shrugged my shoulders because I was a man, and had a man's petulance under disappointment; and then I took off my hat and bowed—not ironically, but cheerfully, so as to set her at ease—for I had the good fortune to have been

when she held out her hand frankly and said:

"Good-bye, sir," gave a little graceful bow, and tripped away over the edge of the hill.

I stood bareheaded looking at her until she disappeared. Then I went to the edge of the little plateau and looked over the distant prospect of land and sea, with a heart so full that the tears rushed to my eyes. There are those who hold that any good emotion is an act of prayer; if this be so, then on that wild mountain top, fervent prayer was sent up to the Giver of all good things!

When I reached the foot of the mountain I found Dick and Andy waiting for me at the shebeen. As I came close Dick called out:

"What a time you were old chap! I thought you had taken root on the hill top! What on earth kept you?"

"The view from the top is lovely beyond compare," I said, as an evasive reply.

"Is that ye see there more leveler nor what ye see at Shilleenagh?" said Andy with smiling gravity.

"Far more so!" I replied instantly and with decision.

"I could yer an' me there was something 'worth lookin' at," said he. "An' may I ask if yer an' me seen any bog on the mountain?"

I looked at him with a smile. I seemed to rather like his shrewd now. "What a time you were old chap!" I mimicked him, and I answered:

"We had proceeded on our way for a long distance. Andy apparently quite coupled with his driving—Dick studying his note-book, and I quite content with my thoughts—when Andy said, apropos of nothing and looking at me:

"What a young girl come down the hill beyond, a waa while before yer an' me. I hope she didn't disturb any iv yer?"

The question passed unnoticed, for Dick apparently did not hear, and I did not feel called upon to answer it. I could not have truthfully replied with a simple negative or positive answer. The fact was, I had not seen her to resume his work with Murdoch, but on his newly-acquired land. I could think of his visit to Knocknecar without a twinge of jealousy; and for my own part, I contemplated a walk in a different direction. Dick was full of his experiment regarding the bog of Knocknecar, and, as I said, nothing else disposition of things which suited me all to nothing, for I had only to acquiesce in all he said, and let my own thoughts have free and pleasant range.

"I have everything out and dry in my head, and I'll have it all on paper before I sleep to-night," said he to himself. "Unfortunately, I am tied for a while longer to the miserable Mr. Murdoch; but since you're good enough, old fellow, to offer to stay to look after the cutting, I can see my way to getting along. We can't begin until the day after to-morrow, for I can't by any possibility get old Moriarty's permission before then. But we'll start in earnest. You must get some men up there and set them to work at once. To to-morrow evening I'll have an exact map ready for you to work by, and all you will have to do will be to see that the men are kept up to the mark, look at the work now and then, and see that the work is done. I will take quite a week or two to make the preliminary drainage, for we must have a decided fall for the water. We can't depend on less than twenty or thirty feet, and I should not be surprised if we want twice as much. I suppose I shan't see you till to-morrow night; for I'm going up to my room to write a letter to the doctor, and I'll be off early in the morning. As you're going to have a walk, I suppose I may take Andy, for my foot is not right yet."

"By all means," I replied, and we bade each other good night.

When I went to my own room I looked at the door and looked out of the window, and the air seemed bathed in soft moonlight. For a long time I stood there. What my thoughts were I need tell no young man or young woman, for without shame I admitted to myself that I was over head and ears in love. If any young person of either sex requires further enlightenment, let them all I can say is that their education in life has been shamefully neglected, or their opportunities have been scant; or, worse still, some very grave omission has been made in their equipment for the understanding of life. If any one, not young, wants such enlightenment, I simply say, "Sir or madam, either you are a fool or your memory is gone."

One thing I will say, that I never felt so much at one with my kind, and before going to bed I sat down and wrote a letter of instructions to my agent, directing him to make accurate personal inquiries all over the estate, and at the forthcoming rent day make such remissions of rent as would remove any trouble or aid in any plan of improvement such as kinder nature could guess at or suggest.

I need not say that for a long time I did not sleep, and although my thoughts were full of such hope and happiness that the darkness seemed ever changing into sunshine, there were at times such harrowing thoughts of difficulties to come, in the shape of previous attachments—of my going late in my endeavour to win her as my wife—if my never being able to find her again—that, now and again, I had to jump from my bed and pace the floor. Towards daylight I slept, and went through a series of dreams of alternating joy and pain. At first hope held full sway, and my heart expanded with long kisses and smiles, and multiplied. Again I climbed the hill and saw her and heard her voice—again the fearful look faded from her eyes—again I held her hand in mine and bade good-bye, and a thousand happy fancies filled me with exquisite joy. Then doubts began to creep in, and I saw more on the hill than I had seen before. I saw other than myself, and a shadow of disappointment passed over her sweet face when she recognised me. Again I saw myself kneeling at her feet and imploring her love, while only cold, hard looks were my lot; or I found myself climbing the hill, but never able to reach the top, or on reaching it finding it empty. Then I would find myself hurrying through all sorts of difficult places—high, bleak mountains, and lonely wind-swept straits—dark paths through gloomy forests, and over sun-drenched plains, looking for her when I had lost her, and in vain trying to call

name. This last nightmare was a possibility, for I had never heard it. I awoke many times from such dreams in an agony of fear; but after that time peace and pain seemed to have had their share of my sleep, and I slept the dreamless sleep that Plato eulogises in the "Apologia Socratica."

(To be continued.)

### INTERESTING TO SEAMEN.

A case of importance to seamen was heard at the Southampton Police Court. Captain Gillies, of the Royal Mail steamship Medway, was sued by a quartermaster, named Burgess, for £24 3s. 3d., balance of wages due on a voyage from Southampton to the West Indies and back.—The complainant stated that he was engaged as a quartermaster of the Medway at £4 per month, and the vessel left on 27th June, returning August 17th. On July 10th complainant was called before the captain, who accused him of stealing soap from the first-class lavatories on the main deck. His chest was examined, but nothing was found, and later on the chief officer told him that he would be detained to able seaman. On the completion of the voyage the pay of a seaman was offered from the 10th of July, but this he refused to accept.—The magistrate decided in favour of the complainant for the amount claimed, saying there was not the slightest evidence of complainant's dishonesty.

### MURDER BY AN ACTOR.

A New York telegram states that Charles Crumley, an actor playing under the stage name of Charles Webster, and engaged during the past few years in the rôle of "Clayton the Singer" in Barclay Campbell's White Horse Company, has shot and killed Robert McNeill, an engineer, whom he suspected of improper relations with Mrs. Crumley. Crumley was married fifteen years ago to Miss Ernest, of Toronto, who is now 35 years of age and of a very lively disposition. Crumley was a member of a tour, having been engaged in Barclay Campbell's White Horse Company, has shot and killed Robert McNeill, an engineer, whom he suspected of improper relations with Mrs. Crumley. Crumley was married fifteen years ago to Miss Ernest, of Toronto, who is now 35 years of age and of a very lively disposition. Crumley was a member of a tour, having been engaged in Barclay Campbell's White Horse Company, has shot and killed Robert McNeill, an engineer, whom he suspected of improper relations with Mrs. Crumley. Crumley was married fifteen years ago to Miss Ernest, of Toronto, who is now 35 years of age and of a very lively disposition. Crumley was a member of a tour, having been engaged in Barclay Campbell's White Horse Company, has shot and killed Robert McNeill, an engineer, whom he suspected of improper relations with Mrs. Crumley. Crumley was married fifteen years ago to Miss Ernest, of Toronto, who is now 35 years of age and of a very lively disposition. Crumley was a member of a tour, having been engaged in Barclay Campbell's White Horse Company, has shot and killed Robert McNeill, an engineer, whom he suspected of improper relations with Mrs. Crumley. Crumley was married fifteen years ago to Miss Ernest, of Toronto, who is now 35 years of age and of a very lively disposition. Crumley was a member of a tour, having been engaged in Barclay Campbell's White Horse Company, has shot and killed Robert McNeill, an engineer, whom he suspected of improper relations with Mrs. Crumley. 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bit of muslin. It is best to cut up the fruit in the evening or at night and put it in a cover.

"I shall be much obliged if you will inform me of an effectual method of exterminating those pests of insects known as earwigs. I have no end of them in my house in the suburbs, both in living and bed-rooms, and I want to know how to stamp them out. Also kindly inform me if they are really dangerous to children or adults if they should crawl into the ear, and whether you can get something into the ear, other than by putting cotton wool into that member." "W. P.," who seeks my advice on the above, need not, I think, be very anxious as to the evil intent of the insects in question with regard to the human ear. No doubt, it would not be good for any one into whose ear they did enter. In such a case a drop of oil put into the ear would be known to at once get rid of all small beetle that seek refuge in that member; therefore, probably, an earwig could speedily be ejected in the same way, if done quietly. But the testimony of entomologists, as I am sure "Buckland, Junior," will bear me out, is that the instances of earwigs seeking such a shelter is very rare. They are not flesh eaters, but chiefly live on the tender parts of flowers and plants, and are very busy and busy. When, however, they do get into the ear, and have, therefore, occasionally taken refuge in a human ear when no other shelter was at hand. They are nasty pests in houses brought in, I conclude, in this instance, by creeping plants up the walls of my correspondent's abode, for otherwise they are seldom found indoors. If that be so, to stamp out "the annoyance is to cut away all the roots and other creepers; or, if you prefer milder measures, set traps on the same principle the gardener adopts when he inverts a small flower-pot, with a little wire of grass or hay inside, near his dahlias, and round them occasionally, shaking the earwigs out into a pail of boiling water. Hollow beanstalks, crabs' claws, &c., are often used for the purpose, with good results.

**STREET BETTING.**

Arthur Stokes, a clerk, of Shorbrook-road, Fulham, and Henry Skinner, living in King's-road, Chelsea, were charged at the Wandsworth Police Court with assembling in a public place for the purpose of betting. Sergeant Cooper said that he saw the two men during the National Regatta, and saw the prisoners surrounded by forty or fifty persons. They were receiving money and were citing people to bet by calling out "2 to 1 against Gibson," meaning the Gibson crew which was about to start. He took them into custody, and on Stokes he found £6, and on Skinner 3s. 6d., a bet on the "telogram, and the other crew."—Mr. Skinner told that they did not appear to have had much capital.—The officer added that earlier in the day he heard Stokes having an argument with a man with whom he had a betting transaction. He understood the Stokes had refused to pay the money.—Mr. Skinner fined each prisoner 25s. or seven days imprisonment.

**A REMARKABLE CLAIM.**

Mr. Baron Huddleston has concluded the trial of a remarkable railway accident case, *Betts v. the London and North-Western Railway Company*, in which the sum of £2,503 was claimed as damages. The plaintiff was a medical man, who at the time he was in practice at Brighton, and he had been in the practice for 15 years. In the year, however, the case of a house having come to an end, and being unable to get another suitable for his practice, he gave it up and went into lodgings. He did not attempt to continue his practice or to dispose of it. On September 15th he went to Chester with his wife and daughter on a visit, and the next day the whole distance. On their arrival at Chester they found the carriage waiting slowly and carefully, leaving his arm on board, when the train moved on a few yards, and he was thrown violently down on the platform. His account of the accident was confirmed by his wife and daughter, the latter of whom said she saw him fall. He also said that the train had quite stopped before he got out. There was a great crowd of people on the platform, as to whether he got out before the train stopped, as to this he and his daughter admitted that they heard no order for the train to go, and could suggest no reason why the train should have gone on.—The plaintiff himself gave evidence as to the nature and effects of his injury. He stated that besides local injuries to the leg and arm, &c., the result was a general shock to his system, resulting in "inspiring the condition of the heart," and that since he was "sure must be fatal." He contended that such a shock as he sustained would be likely to cause the disease and he knew nothing else which could have caused it.—Dr. Philbrick said he had practised more than half a century. He had seen the plaintiff recently and observed his inability, bad action of the heart, and the effects of the shock, and the characteristic symptoms of diabetes. In his opinion such an accident might produce the disease, and might result from such a shock as plaintiff had sustained. He thought there was no prospect of recovery.—Dr. Lord Hunter, who had been about forty-five years in practice, gave evidence to the same effect.—The judge addressed the jury on the facts of the case, which, he said, was that the plaintiff tried to get out before the train stopped. The claim was, moreover, exaggerated and untrue. The real fact was that the plaintiff had abandoned his practice owing to his bad state of health.—A porter of the Queen Hotel at Chester, who was at the time the train was then called, and was following the train as it moved in, saw the plaintiff fall out before the train stopped. He did not see the train stop and move on again. It did not move after he had stopped.—A railway porter who picked up the plaintiff up, gave similar evidence.—The jury returned a verdict for the company.

**THE INSUBORDINATION AT OKEHAMPTON.**

Colonel Gardiner, the officer commanding 52nd Battery Royal Artillery at Topal Barracks, having sent the bill for the repairs the damage done to the harness recently turned it, informing the colonel that as repairs had not been necessitated by the wear and tear, the charge must be met by the battery. It is stated that when the company returned from the march when the company returned, and told them that Gs. would be deducted from each man's pay to make up the required sum. The announcement increased the dissatisfaction among the men, many of them complaining strongly at having to suffer for the insubordination of a few.

## SUPPRESSION OF AN IMMORAL TRAFFIC.

1880 and 1881, which carried terror to the hearts of these miscreants; the Belgian officials and police became more alive to their duties, and made the business of the procurer more risky and perilous, and the Criminal Law Amendment Act in this country did the rest. The pleasure himself was pursued in London with the penalties of the law of 1885 in prospect, his customers were watched in Belgium, and the consequence is that he has disappeared, so far as Belgium at least is concerned, from our streets. The burghomaster of Brussels, which city is the channel of the traffic for Belgium, has the honor to be asked questions on the subject of English girls in Brussels. The last letter from him says—"Comme suite à votre lettre du 15 courant, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire connaître que depuis 1880 aucune fille de nationalité Anglaise n'a été inscrite aux registres de Bruxelles." The traffic in fact is extinct, and the pleasure is exterminated.

**DISASTROUS CYCLONE IN AMERICA.**  
A cyclone of great violence burst suddenly over Pennsylvania on Tuesday, causing immense destruction to property. In the vicinity of Wilkesbarre twenty-seven miners were imprisoned in a coal pit owing to the violence of the storm. There were heavy rains during the afternoon, which stopped at five o'clock. A remarkable stillness succeeded, there not being a breath of air stirring, while a heavy darkness settled over the city. Suddenly a threatening storm started up, which gradually increased in power, finishing with cyclonic force, and sweeping a path about a quarter of a mile wide from the center of the city to the other side. The houses were levelled to the ground, others were unroofed and partly demolished, several railway trains and locomotives were blown over on their sides, while the telegraph poles and "shade trees" were thrown down like straws. More than twenty persons were killed, and more than one hundred injured by falling debris. Two hundred houses were either destroyed or badly damaged, and three horses were killed in the streets, and the damage caused is estimated at several hundred thousand dollars. The two upper storeys of Brown's block, built of brick, and considered one of the finest buildings in the city, were blown off, and the Hazard Wire Rope Works were thrown down, killing one person and injuring thirteen others. In one private residence seven persons were killed, and in another two. All the electric lights in the city were extinguished. The police and firemen led the host of volunteers at work rescuing the wounded. The hospitals and many private residences are filled with the injured. The damage is estimated at about 1,000,000 dollars. It is the worst disaster forty years since has been killed, while the injured number over 100. The village of Summerville has been totally destroyed, and other hamlets in the Wyoming Valley have suffered severely. Sugar Notch, a mining town three miles from Wilkesbarre, and in the path of the cyclone, was partly wrecked, fifteen persons being killed, and a large destruction of property caused. The Coroner: Tell them where the houses are down, and all the damage caused by the cyclone cannot yet be estimated.

**A MANCHESTER THEATRE BURNED DOWN.**  
The Queen's Theatre, Manchester, an old and well-known playhouse, has been destroyed by fire. Some cleaners who were at work in the theatre discovered that some old property in the rear of the building was in flames. This consisted of a large blacked-out curtain, and the fire was quickly spread by the theatre management. Some effort was made to extinguish the fire by people about the place, but without avail, and the fire brigades were communicated with. They were at the time, unfortunately, deeply engaged at another fire at a mill some distance away. Superintendent Toser, however, was at the spot, and everything possible was done to save the theatre. The roof fell in and the corner part of the building was completely destroyed before the fire was extinguished. The stage portion was saved by the lowering of an asbestos curtain. Happily there was no loss of life. Mr Pitt Haddacoe, lessee of the theatre, was absent in Blackpool. The building was insured.

**CORONER AND PUBLICAN.**  
Mr. A. Braxton Hicks was holding an inquest at the Star and Eagle public-house, High-street, Wandsworth, where some alterations are being made to the premises, when the court was seriously interrupted by a woman sawing wood in an adjoining room, as the coroner directed the police to get stopped.—Inspector Geer said he had almost told the men on his (the coroner's) hands to leave off. The coroner: Tell them to stop it. The inspector here, then; let's see if I can, returning, said the men were coming up, the landlady, Mr. Maple, told them to go with their work, which he could not help stopping.—The Coroner: What does he mean by it? We did not expect to have to put with a noise like that when to have put with a noise. Bring Mr. Maple up, Sergeant H. A. The coroner's officer, went downstairs, Inspector Geer remarked that he could make Mr. Maple out. He certainly was very abrupt, and seemed to think he ought not to be spoken to.—Hicks returned and said Maple told him to say he was downstairs and if the coroner wanted to see him he could go down and speak to him, and leave it to him. It is no private matter. If we were, we will very soon get over the difficulty. (To the jury.) I adjourn you all to the Lion, gentlemen.—The court then proceeded to that hostelry, where the inquiry resumed.

**THE HOP CORN.**  
Some weeks ago (says the *Kentish Observer*) we ventured to express the opinion that it would be more harm inflicted by mould than by blight. Subsequently, however, the blight got worse, and it looked as though the great evil would be the aphid. Now the blight has subsided, though it has not yet been exterminated, and the aphid and mould is so many hundreds of times more numerous than the hop for the last few years. Already there has been an enormous quantity of sulphur used, and during the last few days our hop growers have been receiving by local traders for further supplies. With regard to the prospects generally we think, from information made to us by experts, that should the weather be more favourable, a half crop may be grown. It must not be forgotten in making a calculation of the probable proportion, that many large growers are particularly fortunate this season, and will have as much as 100 per cent. more than last year, if not more, hops than they ever had before. The same paper states that the first crop of new Worcester hops, and subsequently sold at market, was on Monday, and subsequently sold at a local hop exchange at £20 per cwt.

**REVERENDITY.**—Dr. King's death has been announced. He was a very learned and pious man, and a great benefactor of the poor. He was born in 1780, and died on the 10th inst. at the age of 80. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and a devoted adherent of the principles of that denomination. He was a man of great piety, and his death will be a great loss to the church.

Such a landlord as M. Debad is rarely to be met with in any country. He owns a large

[illegible]











FIGER: MILFORD-LANE, STRAND, W.C.

### HODGE ON STRIKE.

gang was to link arms and then to rush along the pavement shouting and singing. To the terror and the danger of respectable persons, who were simply swept off into the road, with the most foully abusive language into the bargain. And all this on Sunday night. So great had the nuisance become, that the police were compelled to take special steps to stop it as was done some time ago in the case of the notorious "monkey parade" in the Mile End-road. As we said before, this is by no means the only case of the kind. Other and more aristocratic thoroughfares than Mare-street are infested on Sunday nights by these young blackguards of both sexes. Numerous complaints which we have received from correspondents bear out this assertion. So great, indeed, is the terror caused by them in some parts of London, that respectable people dare not go to church on Sunday evenings. That such a state of things should exist ought to be somewhat embarrassing to those who have professed immediate and brilliant results from the civilising influence of board-school education. That the diffusion of education has been an immense blessing we entirely believe, but we greatly fear has done little or nothing as yet to improve the manners of the London rough and his youthful imitators. For there is no influence, apparently, of any value whatever except the strong hand of the policeman. The commissioner of police would do well to direct special attention to this Sunday night rowdyism wherever it is found to exist.

In the City of London Court on Thursday

other departments of industry, and agricultural labourer, has, doubtless, some idea that living costs more than it did. And whether the additional cost be or be not very considerable, it has been sufficient, evidently, to inspire the Northampton men with the extremely natural desire to get something for themselves in the general scramble for the division of the employers' spoil. Whatever be the result of the present movement, the moral is sufficiently clear. You cannot get extensive agitation in numerous departments of industry, as has been done during the past twelve months, without inevitably producing a similar state of things in other branches of labour. Agitation of this kind, or the influence it exercises upon the price of living, as well as by its power to excite a sometimes short-sighted desire to improve their position, is absolutely certain (as it has done in this case) to extend the bodies of workers previously perfectly satisfied with their lot.

**STATE HIGHWAYS**

**ABANDONING A CHILD.**  
At the London Sessions on Thursday, Mr. Boyle, 25, Edgware, was charged with neglecting and abandoning a child under the age of 16 years, whereby its health was endangered.—Mr. Boyle prosecuted on behalf of Treasury, and from his opening statement appeared the child in question was illegitimate daughter of a young woman whose friends reside in Wiltshire, and who occupied a small house in the village, and was engaged in business in Somersetshire. The child was born on the 5th of March, and, acting under the advice of a married sister, an advertisement was inserted in the People, saying, "Will some kind person send a pretty fair baby girl for love?" The soner answered the advertisement in a letter promising to do so, and the child was accordingly, in the name of Witherington, sent, stating that she had just lost a child of her own, and if the infant was entrusted to her she would adopt it as her own and treat with care and tenderness. The child was handed over to her at Waterloo Station, was, however, now suggested that her mother should get the child, pawn its clothes, and then return it. She was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

P.C. Underdown, 712 A, appeared at Westminster Police Court on Thursday.

and so important is our railway system that a political party in power could, offering bribes to this or that class of community in the shape of railway privileges of one sort or another, command an enormous amount of influence. We do not want our railway system turned into a political machine. One proposal, and only, was made on Wednesday which savoured of common sense. That was the suggestion of a great "through coach railway station" for London, to enable passengers to travel from east to west north to south, with only one change of carriage. How far such a scheme would unite all the great lines which converge to the metropolis, but are yet inconveniently separated, is to be regarded with interest. But if a central station could be made it will require no State interference to make it. The two proposals have absolutely nothing in common.

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**YOUNG ROWDIES.**

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are unfortunately only typical of m

Taxation by lottery is on the increase in Italy. Last year the money paid to the State in this way amounted to 75,514,973fr., or £90,00,000.

The Cape Parliament was prorogued Wednesday. In his speech the Governor, Sir H. B. Loch, referred with satisfaction to the development of railway enterprise in the colony.

a scene is not the metropolis, but the

usually peaceful county of Northamptonshire. The agricultural labourers have refused to turn out to help the farmers to cut their crops in, and are reported to be working instead on their own allotments. The cause of the strike is extremely simple, alike in the immediate reason, and even for it by the men, and in the more remote influences which have brought it about. The Northamptonshire agricultural labourers at harvest time get 26s. a week, without beer, and now they have struck for an allowance of beer, or, where no beer is given, for an equivalent in cash where they wish to buy it. How far that is a reasonable demand it is hard to say without a intimate acquaintance with the particular

## Only a Northamptonshire man, probabl

ould say, with any authority, what concessions, if any, the farmers ought to make. Be that as it may, the more remote cause of this movement is not far to seek. Prices having been affected by strikes in other departments of industry, the agricultural labourer, has, doubtless, found

that living costs more than it did. And whether the additional cost be or be not

Whether the additional cost be or be not very considerable, it has been sufficiently evidently, to inspire the Northampton men with the extremely natural desire to get something for themselves in the general scramble for the division of the employers' spoil. Whatever be the result of the present movement, the moral

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improve their position is absolutely cert-

It is often said, and with perfect truth

that Englishmen like the State to int

ere as little as possible in their affairs. They like the State to let them alone, and they have a horror of grandmotherly legislation. The truth of that doctrine received remarkable confirmation by a meeting convened at the Cannon-street Hotel on Wednesday, to promote a scheme for the purchase of railways by the State.

Only twenty persons were present

told, and even one of those was opposed to the project. We hope that Mr. WARE, the originator of this failure, will be converted (though we do not greatly imagine that to be probable), and will come to that the country regards the management of railways as just one of those things which can be done much better by

individual than by the State. The exam

of State railway management abroad, not particularly encouraging, and, even if it were, we have to remember in this country the inevitable political use, misuse, which would be made of such a system. Railway employees, if they were the direct servants of Government for the time being, would

simply rule the roost. They would be c

tinually demanding fresh concessions; where is the Government which would dare to refuse them? Moreover, so vital and so important is our railway system that a political party in power could, offering bribes to this or that class of community in the shape of railway privileges of one sort or another, come

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not want our railway system turned into a political machine. One proposal, and only one, was made on Wednesday which was savoured of common sense. That was the suggestion of a great "through country railway station" for London, to enable passengers to travel from east to west without meeting with any one who was not a passenger.

carriage. How far such a scheme

uniting all the great lines which converge to the metropolis, but are yet inconveniently separated, is to be regarded as practicable, we are not prepared to say so. But if a central station cannot be made it will require no State interference to make it. The two proposals have

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### YOUNG ROWDIES.

Certain charges were tried at the N London Police Court on Monday which are unfortunately only typical of many which are, and many more which ought to be, tried elsewhere. A number of

with disorderly conduct in Massachusetts.

Hackney. The method of this discord



**THE MAGISTRATE AND THE SKELETON KEY**

**THE MAGISTRATE AND THE SKELETON KEY.**  
Thomas Wiggins, 20, a carriage builder, of Westbury road, Stamford Hill, was charged before Mr. Montagu Williams, at the Metropolitan Police Court on Wednesday, before a case against him was called. He was charged with the theft of a skeleton key from a house in the Strand, on the morning of the 11th inst. after one o'clock that morning he was seen to enter the house and after a few minutes he was seen to leave the house and enter that of another. Wiggins was asked by the magistrate what he was doing about, when the prisoner replied that he was going to the effect that he heard a lock was being done at one of the houses in the Strand at that morning, and as his wife was coming out of some of the houses he was afraid that he would be charged with the robbery. He was told by the magistrate to see who came, and recommended the constable to go to the top of the road and wait. This the constable did.

s about, when the prisoner replied:

ing to the effect that he heard a "jerk" was done at one of the houses in the road that morning, and as his wife was employed at some of the houses he was afraid she would be charged with the robbery. He was waiting to see who came, and recommended the constable to go to the top of the road and wait. This the constable did.

ned to do, and arrested the witness.

picion. Several keys were found on the prisoner, including one skeleton key. The prisoner now declared that had the constable as he wished he would have got good case, as he was there for no unlawful purpose. He went willingly to the police station.—Mr. Montagu Williams : Of course, I did. So does everybody else whom he lies has hold of him, and there are no rougher told to help him. (Laughter.) How many times why you was in the prison last week? (Cries morning.) Also, how you came possession this skeleton key.—The Prisoner : I am

...t aware that I had a skeleton key.

Montagu Williams (holding up a key): "When you call this?—The Prisoner: That is the key of my cupboard. I don't know what is a skeleton key.—Mr. Montagu Williams: That will explain to you what a skeleton key is. It is a key carried about by thieves for the purpose of opening locks when they cannot get possession of the proper key. A key to enable the holder to open the cupboard or box which has been locked up by the prisoner. That is a skeleton key. Do you want any further information? (Laughter).—The Prisoner: Yes, I want to know what a skeleton key is from his employer.—Mr. Montagu Williams: Very well. I will give you an opportunity. are remained now.

**A PAINFUL LESSON.**

Mr. Wynne Baxter, coroner for East London, held an inquest at the London Hospital respecting the death of Edward Batten, aged 54, a photographer's assistant, lately residing in Ann-street, St. George's-in-the-East.—Elizabeth Batten, the widow, stated that at about 9.35 on Monday night she and her husband were standing in the road between the Minorities and Albert Road, watching a procession on the Commercial-road. Witness suddenly heard a shout, "Stop that van," and then heard the sound of wheels. She turned her head, and saw a horse and van being driven at a very rapid pace. Directly after-

and on looking round found that de

had been knocked down, and was under the wheels. He was carried along some few yards, and when picked up and taken to the hospital it was found that he was dead. The van was coming from Whitechapel to Aldgate. A band of music was playing with the procession.—  
Henry R. Singer, Bermondsey, Aldgate.  
Bermondsey New-road, carman in the employ of Messrs. Jacob and Nicholson, rag merchants, King's Head Yard, Tooley-street, having being duly cautioned, stated that he had a pint of ale, and then went to Green-street, Bethnal Green, where he received a load. The man there gave him two half-pints, and he then left about 10 o'clock proceeding to Aldgate, where he stopped at a public-house. He only had a small lemon and a soda. He got on his van again, and had got as far as Aldgate Church, when the banners of the procession frightened his horse, which reared up and started trotting. He owned to having a drop of beer,

deceased and another man standing

road, and pulled off, and thought he had escaped him, but when he reached the corner of the Minories several people laid hold of his horse. He asked what was wrong, and they told him that he had killed a man. He remembered nothing more until he was at the station, when he asked where his horse was. He had four or five half-pints before four o'clock that day. He did try and pull the horse up when he was asked to. The horse had run away on two occasions, and he had been told that he had met a procession and banners. He had been in the same employ for five years, and had never before had an accident.—Dr. Walsford, house surgeon, stated that deceased was brought in dead. The cause of death was internal hemorrhage from rupture of the aorta, aged 37, and a man of 37, who, resulting in private, returned verdict of accidental death, four being in favour of manslaughter.—The coroner told Singer that the jury had taken a very merciful view of the case, and he might think himself very fortunate. He (the coroner) trusted it would

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### STEALING CARPETS.

Thomas Cavanagh, who was described as a costermonger, living in Trevorton-street, North Kensington, was charged at the West London Police Court, on Thursday with being concerned in stealing a number of carpets, valued at £10, the property of Samuel Dowding and Son, from an out-house in Salter's Fields.—It appeared that the prisoner, who was in the company of

linson, also living in Treverton-str

threw something over his area gate, which he afterwards found to be the carpets.—While the case was being heard the prisoner endeavoured to show that his neighbour was mistaken in his, however, asking the magistrate to settle the case.—Mr. Plowden: I have no power unless you plead guilty.—The Prisoner: I will plead guilty.—Mr. Plowden: To stealing the carpets?—The Prisoner: Yes.—The magistrate then inquired what was known of the prisoner, who answered the question, and said that he had been confined for keeping disorderly house.—Mr. Plowden sentenced him to six weeks' imprisonment.

**WHY ARE THEY SILENT?**

The following is the copy of a placard which has been posted to the Kilkenny during the last few days:—To the Mayor of Kilkenny. A few plain questions. John Dillon and Dr. O'Dwyer. All the public bodies in Ireland, have protested against the insult offered to John Dillon by Bishop O'Dwyer. Why is Kilkenny silent? Why no protest from the 'Nationalist' Corporation and board of guardians? Why are the men who are never tired of proclaiming their nationality silent when the most of our country's leaders are so foully assailed? Why are our so-called national organ and its tied-glove editor—the man who quotes Mitchell in one breath and hobb-nobs with coercionists in the next—now dumb? Why does not the moribund city branch of the National League—of which he is secretary—galvanise itself into life and vindicate the character of John Dillon? Men of Kilkenny.—Your duty is plain. If your elected representatives are afraid to speak as men, should at the present juncture, squelch them. Let your motto be, 'Remember Limerick.' God save the people."

At Siena on Saturday the Duke of Aosta unveiled the frescoes illustrative of the life of King Victor Emmanuel, which have been



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S.A.—SEND THE RESULTS WHEN YOUING IN  
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**DISAPPEARANCE OF A CIVIL  
ENGINEER.**

Thursday, it transpired that a receiving order had been made in the case of A. S. Hamand

formerly of Palace Chambers, Westminster, and Harlesden, civil engineer. The proceedings relate to an act of bankruptcy committed so far back as September, 1888, when it was alleged that the debtor departed from his dwelling-house with the intent to defraud delay his creditors. He was afterwards supposed to have been drowned at Bognor, and the proceedings were discontinued, but it is alleged that he has since been discovered at Sydney and satisfactory evidence of his identity adduced. The receiving order was made.

**A DEAR DRIVE.**

Mr. George Ward, butcher, of Commercial road, Pockham, was summoned to attend an inquest at the George and Dragon, at the George-road, Chesham, ill, but not appearing. The deputy coroner returned the summons, with a note stating that he had gone for a drive.—Mr. A. W. Wyatt, the deputy coroner, said that the coroner's summons must be obeyed just as much as a summons from the High Court. He should fine Mr. Ward 25.

**ROBBING LORD DE GREY.**

Joseph William Watts, 22, carman, of a fixed abode, was charged, at Marlborough street Police Court on Friday, with stealing a black marble clock, worth 23, belonging to Lord de Grey.—F. Clarke, a footman at Lord de Grey's residence, in Bruton street, said that while sitting at the table in the servants' hall, he saw the carman, who was driving the

man on a morning passage. Happening out he saw the prisoner running up the area steps, and noticed that the clock was missing from the housekeeper's room. Following Watts along the street, he gave him into custody, when he found the clock under his coat.—Mr. Newton sentenced Watts to three months' imprisonment.

**"IN THE SWIM."**

**BY A CITY SHARK.**

The event of the week has been the remarkable advance in silver and silver securities. Last Monday, quite fancy prices were on offer; holders had only to name a figure, to get it. The same condition obtained on Tuesday forenoon, but a reaction then set in, owing to a general rush to realize profits, and a depression followed, the little bit of recovery being shown by the latter part of the day. Since then, the market has quieted down considerably, but we may expect a renewal of the feverishness later on. It would be good business, I feel sure, to buy Rupee paper at every fall of any importance, selling it at the first rise. There are some who predict that the Four Per Cent. will touch par before the upward movement extends its force. The securities are in great request for Calcutta, New York, and Paris, and owing to the acute competition between these great financial centres every parcel that comes to market is quickly disposed of. My readers will acknowledge that I gave them timely notice of the advance in silver securities.

for this good thing. Not one of the speakers but on many points. I can only commend the speakers both for investment and speculation. So I am fairly entitled to indulge a little bit of boasting. Another iron was I lately placed in the fire—Costa Rica—getting pleasantly heated. The quotation when I first gave that tip was 80, and bonds have since been done at 85 and over. They are still dirt cheap, and require only to be taken in hand by some strong syndicate to have a 10 per cent. rise. English rails continue strong, for the most part, with a rising tendency. There is a little bit of a bit of a rise in this department with a view to the fear of dearer money. The Bank of England is none too well off in the matter of gold supplies, and did a South American drain set in, the directors would have nothing for it but to put up the rate.

discount. Nor is it unlikely that the Argentine Government will seek to strengthen itself financially by withdrawing some of its European balances and investing in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo matters as they are in an extremely critical condition. Of the same, one might do worse with superfluous cash than invest it in Argentine and Uruguayan bonds. If these securities have touched bottom, I do not undertake to say, it is quite possible indeed, that these bonds will considerably rise, but that they will eventually reach their former values I make no doubt whatever. Some inquiries have been addressed to me as to the expediency of operating Mexican rails. My counsel is to leave them alone. The important rise they have had was mainly due to the fact that they had been bought at a low price, and as soon as these early birds begin to realize profits, American rails have little ground in them just now, but I am inclined to anticipate a better time for them as the autumn advances. Brother Jonathan must have large savings on hand after such a prosperous year, and the odds are that he will invest in his own securities.

## MONEY MARKET.

CITY, Saturday.

Business on the Stock Exchange is quiet. Consols were unchanged. The feature of the Foreign Government Securities was a demand for Peruvian, which advanced  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 101. The Railways were somewhat irregular. American Bonds were quite so strong. Foreign Railways and Mining Shares quiet. Latest quotations:—Consols, 96  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; ditto Accout, 96 7-16 9-16; Two-and-a-Half per Cent., 94  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

### FOREIGN BONDS.

[illegible]

Central Pacific, 339, 4	North Pacific West, 31
Chicago & North Western, 25	North Pacific, 31
Cincinnati & Northern Ohio, 25	Ontario & N. Ont., 249
Illinois Central, 114, 15	Ontario, 19, 25, 5
International Great Falls, 50, 30	Pennsylvania, 219, 2
Lake Shore, 1078, 8	Portland, 219, 2
Louisville & Nashville, 10, 2	Union Pacific, 618, 6
Missouri & Texas, 109, 20	Utah & Northern, 219, 2
New York & New Jersey, 20	Utah Pac., 20, 4

**OTHER AMERICAN RAILWAYS.**

Canadian Pacific, 52, 4	Gr. Trunk & Pac., 271
Great Trunk Road, 118, 2	Maritime, 559, 2
Intercolonial, 118, 2	Montreal & N. B., 259, 2
Ontario & N. Ont., 249, 2	Utah and Pac., 20, 4

**MINES.**

Cape Copper, 46, 5	Montana, 9
Deer, 119, 2	Northern, 219, 2
Empire, 35, 5	Rio Tinto, 249, 2
Jumpers, 3, 75	Silver, 219, 2
Keon and Barry, 75, 2	Union, 219, 2

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Albion, Ordinary, 219, 2	Hotchkins, 4
Barrett's Brewery, 4	New Explorers, 219, 2
Brand and May, 136, 14	North Pacific, 31
The Larnard Coal Co., 219, 2	Spout's Patent, 75, 2
Guinness Ordinary, 339, 4	

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